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THE
EMARKABLE STORY,
AND
SUDDEN DEATH
OF A
COCK-FIGHTER.



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THE
REMARKABLE STORY, &c.



ROBERT HAZLEM, a serious young man, on his way to Leeds, on Sunday morning, in the month of January 1779, met with a brother collier, who formerly was his companion in iniquity. Robert, after inquiring after his health, said, Where are you going? He replied to buy a cock—we are to have a match to-morrow: (this being a favourite diversion among the colliers) Hazlem said, this is a bad errand any day, but much worse on a Sabbath; I wish you would go with me to Whitechapel. The Lord, who had a favor to the poor man, secretly inclined his heart to yield to the wish of his friend. Robert and he went. Mr. Edwards's text

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was Isaiah iv 2. When sermon was over, Robert said, How do you find yourself? He replied, I do not know how I find myself, but I feel I am one of the vilest sinners out of hell. Robert said, I generally bring a bit of bread and cheese; and if you will stay you shall have half of it for your dinner; to which he did not want pressing. In the afternoon Mr. E. addressed himself to the worst of sinners, and encouraged them to come to Christ.—The poor man wept bitterly, and said, he had a little gleam of hope that perhaps God might have mercy on his soul. His friend seeing him so deeply impressed, said, if he had a mind to go with him to another place of worship in that town, he had heard Mr. C. spoken of as being a fine preacher. Accordingly they went. Mr. C's subject was the healing of the lepers; under which the poor man was much broken down. Robert and his friend went about a mile together, as far as their road lay, and they parted. How this poor man passed the night, we

have not been able to learn; but he went to his work the next morning. His companions accosted him by saying, Now where is the cock? He said, I fought three such battles yesterday as I never fought in my life. I have bought no cock, nor do I ever intend to fight again. So (some of them said,) here's bonny (fine) to do! What's to become of our half-guineas? He answered, I will freely forfeit mine; and then said, Come lads, let us go down into the pit.—One remarked *come lads!* it used to be with a great oath, and now it is only *come lads!* I'll lay a wager he has been to hear the Methodists.—The pit steward said, I'll give thee a guinea if thou dost not swear for a month, but I'll bet thee a guinea thou'lt swear before the week is out. He was so much affected with this expression, and with the conviction of his own weakness, that he kneeled down on the pit-hill and earnestly prayed, that he might rather die instantly, than be left to blaspheme that holy name he had now suck-

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reverence for ; and which he knew, if left to himself, he should blaspheme before night.
 —His request was granted, for he died instantly, as soon as he had finished his prayer.
[Wills's Register.]

*The above Story in verse, by the late
 William Cowper, Esq.*

WHERE Humber pours its rich commercial stream,
 There dwelt a wretch who breath'd but to blaspheme.
 In subteraneous caves his life he led,
 Black as the mines in which he wrought for bread.
 When on a day emerging from the deep,
 A Sabbath-day (such Sabbaths thousands keep,)
 The wages of his weekly toil he bore,
 To buy a cock, whose blood might win him more ;
 As if the noblest of the feathered kind
 Was but for battle and for death design'd ;

As if the consecrated hours were meant,
For sport to minds on cruelty intent.

It chanc'd (such chances providence obey,)
He met a fellow-lab'rer on the way,
Whose heart the same desires had once in-
flam'd,

But now the savage temper was reclaim'd;
Persuasion on his lips had taken place;
(For all plead well who plead the cause of
grace;)

His iron heart with scripture he assailed,
Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevailed.
His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew
Swift as the lightning's glimpse, his arrow
flew.

The man—he wept—he trembled—look'
around

To find a worse than he, but none he found
He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel
Grace gave the wound, and only grace
could heal.

Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies, and lies
He quits the sinner's, for the martyr's prize

That holy day was wash'd with many a tear,
Gilded by hope, yet shaded was by fear.

The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine
Learnt from his alter'd speech the change
divine.

Laugh'd, when they should have w pt, and
swore the day

Was such when he should swear as fast as
they—

No, said the penitent, such words shall share
This breath no more, henceforth employed
in pray'r.

Oh! if thou seest (thine eye the future sees)
That I shall yet again blaspheme like these,
Now let me die while thus I humbly kneel,
Ere yet this heart relapses into steel:

Now take me to that heaven I once defied;
Thy presence—thy embrace!—he spake, and
died.

Short was the race allotted him to run;
Just entered on the list he gain'd the crown,
His prayer scarce ended, ere his praise begun.

ON THE
LOVE OF CHRIST.

Could I with ink the ocean fill
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
And every stick that grew a quill,
And ev'ry man a scribe by trade,
The boundless love of Christ to tell,
Soon would it drain old ocean dry,
In vain would be the scribe, the quill
Or parchment stretch'd from sky to sky.

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